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"I HAVN'T TIME TO LOOK AT DOLLS NOW."

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HAVEN'T-TIME
AND
DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY,
AND
OTHER STORIES.

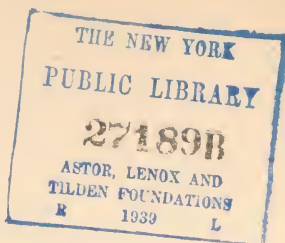
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HAVEN'T-TIME AND DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY:	
CHAP. I.—Something about my two Neighbours.....	7
II.—Mr. Haven't-time starts on a Pleasure-Excursion	12
III.—Mr. Haven't-time in New York.....	20
IV.—Mr. Haven't-time in the Art-Galleries.....	27
V.—Mr. Haven't-time visits one of the Reservoirs...	32
VI.—Mr. Haven't-time returns to Philadelphia with a Sprained Ankle.....	43
VII.—About Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.....	48
VIII.—A Disappointment.....	56
IX.—Starts for New York.....	69
X.—Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry in New York.....	76
XI.—Loses his Passage in the Albany Boat.—The Consequences.—Conclusion.....	104
THE CARRIER.....	112
TRAVELLING ALONE.....	141

HAVEN'T-TIME

AND

DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING ABOUT MY TWO NEIGHBOURS.

I HAVE two neighbours, somewhat peculiar in their characters—yet presenting the types of a large class—about whom I am going to tell you something. Their names are Mr. Haven't-time, and Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry. Curious names, do you say? Well, only wait until I have told you of their sayings and doings. In ancient times, names were given as indicative of some quality of the mind, or in commemoration of some event; and this, because a name is significant. In a general sense,

name signifies (or should signify) quality or character.

Well, the names borne by my neighbours signify their qualities of mind. Mr. Haven't-time is a man of medium height, with a slender frame, rather thin and pale features, a restless eye, and quick nervous movements. He speaks rapidly, and usually gives his words a strong emphasis. Mr. Haven't-time has always a great deal of business on his hands; and, as may be inferred from the little here said of him, is generally in a hurry.

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry is as different in appearance as in character from Mr. Haven't-time. He is stouter and taller in person, with a darker complexion, slower movements, and milder and more placid countenance. His eyes, which are neither leaden nor brilliant, have a musing, dreamy aspect; and, as he often falls into states of abstraction, have acquired a heavy motion and an occasional fixedness, so to speak, that is quite noticeable. He is rarely ex-

cited on any subject, takes little heed to the passing hours, and always thinks there is time enough to accomplish what he is about to do.

Ask Mr. Haven't-time, at any period of the day, what o'clock it is, and, without looking at his watch, he will tell you within a few minutes. Ask Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry the same question, and he will say, "About eleven," when it is half-past twelve; or, "Near one o'clock," when it lacks only a few minutes of two.

When the breakfast-bell rings in the morning, Mr. Haven't-time, who is already dressed and shaved, and has been walking the floor of the nursery, where his wife is busy dressing the children, starts instantly for the dining-room, and, if Mrs. Haven't-time doesn't follow on the instant, pours out his own coffee, and ten to one, is half through his breakfast before the rest of the family are fairly gathered at the table.

"You must help the children," he will then say to his wife. "I'm in a desperate

hurry this morning. Expect two or three customers by eight o'clock. Can't you have breakfast earlier than this?"

And before the others have fairly commenced their meal, up he starts, and off he goes to his place of business.

Is it any wonder that Mr. Haven't-time is troubled with dyspepsia?

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry manages altogether differently. He is in no hurry to go to bed, and in quite as little hurry to rise in the morning.

"It's getting late, my dear," Mrs. Don't-be-in-a-hurry will say. "Breakfast is nearly ready now, won't you get up?"

"Oh, certainly," replies Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry—half awake, half sleeping—as he turns over and composes himself for one little nap more.

"But, come, my dear, the sun has been up this hour—come!" urges Mrs. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

"Yes, yes—I'll rise soon. There's time enough. The world wasn't made in a day."

At last the breakfast-bell rings.

"I declare!" exclaims Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, starting up. "I didn't think it was so late. But I'll be along in a minute. Don't wait for me. By the time you are fairly at the table, I will be down."

Mrs. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, and the children, who must not be too late to school, are nearly through their morning meal before Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry makes his appearance in the dining-room. His coffee is cold, at which he grumbles a little; but admits his lateness at the table as an excuse. Very leisurely he takes his meal, enjoying each morsel with a relish, and when he leaves the table feels very comfortable.

Generally it happens that Mr. Haven't-time gets to his store fully an hour before any customers come in; while Mr. Dont-be-in-a-hurry is usually at his place of business an hour too late.

Last summer these two neighbours of mine took each a little pleasure-jaut.

CHAPTER II.

MR. HAVEN'T-TIME STARTS ON A PLEASURE-
EXCURSION.

A FEW days before Mr. Haven't-time started, he mentioned his proposed journey to a friend, who asked, very naturally, in which direction he was going.

"North," replied Mr. Haven't-time.

"As far as Niagara?" inquired the friend.

"Yes, I think of going there."

"How long will you be gone?"

"A couple of weeks," replied Mr. Haven't-time.

The friend shook his head.

"The period is too short. You'll be in a hurry all the time—fatigue yourself—and see nothing as it ought to be seen."

"A great deal may be seen in a very short time," was answered, "if a man will only keep his eyes open. At any rate, I can only spare a couple of weeks."

“You expect to spend a short time in New York?”

“Oh, certainly,” replied Mr. Haven’t-time. “Heretofore my visits there have been for business purposes alone; but now I am going for pleasure, and shall look up all the lions.”

“How long will you stay there?”

“A couple of days,” said Mr. Haven’t-time.

The friend shook his head. “You will see nothing in reality.”

“Don’t you believe it. I see more than most men. I go over a great deal of ground in a short time.”

One morning, a day or two after this little interview, Mr. Haven’t-time arose very early. All the house was stirring soon after, for at nine o’clock he was to start for New York; and though it was only five, he felt almost certain that breakfast would be too late. When the cook came creeping down from the garret, he met her on the stairs, and said querulously—

"You must hurry with the breakfast, Nancy; I am going to New York this morning."

Nancy, who never liked to be hurried or interfered with, muttered something in return which was not heard by Mr. Haven't-time.

"I'll wager ten dollars," said he, on coming back to the chamber from which he had stepped forth to hurry the cook, "that Nancy will be an hour later than usual with her breakfast."

"Why do you say that?" asked his wife.

"Oh! because I know she will. I never was in a hurry in my life that something didn't turn up to hinder me. Ten chances to one if the fire isn't out in the range."

Just as Mr. Haven't-time said this, the voice of Nancy was heard at the door.

"What is wanted?" asked Mrs. Haven't-time.

"Please to give me some money for charcoal. The fire is all out."

"There, didn't I say so!" And Mr.

Haven't-time began walking nervously about the room.

"Don't worry yourself," said his wife, after she had given Nancy some money for the charcoal. "It is early yet."

"Early! It's nearly six o'clock."

"Not half-past five, as you can see by the clock."

"It'll be six ere the fire is kindled, and dear knows how long after that before breakfast will be ready."

Mrs. Haven't-time knew, from long experience, that no good would come of opposing or arguing with her husband; so she let him worry and fume, while she went quickly to the work of washing and dressing the children. Up-stairs and down-stairs, from parlour to sitting-room, and from sitting-room to chamber, wandered Mr. Haven't-time like a perturbed spirit, and all because he had taken it into his head that breakfast would be late.

Foolish man! His trouble was all for nothing. Breakfast was served at half-past

seven, the usual hour. Then he poured the hot coffee down his throat, a cupful at a draught, and swallowed his steak and toast in great, half-chewed mouthfuls. Long before the rest were done, he pushed back his chair, and descended to the parlour to await the hackman who was to convey him and his baggage to the steamboat. The time was a quarter before eight. So there was half an hour to spare, as the hackman had been ordered to be in attendance at a quarter after eight precisely. Half-past eight would have been early enough; but, then, should the hackman fail in punctuality, no time would be left in which to call another carriage. Mr. Haven't-time, with his usual wise forethought, provided for this contingency.

Yes; after all the worry, breakfast was over, and there was yet half an hour to spare. The peace of mind and comfort of both himself and family had been disturbed by Mr. Haven't-time, and all because of his impatient temper.

Now, as there was full half an hour to spare, as I have said, it may be supposed that my neighbour spent this time calmly, and in pleasant communion with his family, from whom he was about parting for a short season. No such thing. He now began to fret himself lest the hackman would disappoint him. A little while he would sit by the window; then lean out and look far down the street; next consult his watch; and then take two or three turns across the parlour-floor. This was repeated over and over again.

“Sharpen my pencil,” said a bright little fellow, clambering up on his knee, as he sat himself down by the window.

“Haven’t-time, dear,” replied the father, coldly replacing the child upon the floor.

“Just look at my doll’s new frock,” urged another child—“isn’t it beautiful? Mother made it for me.”

“O yes, it’s very pretty, no doubt,” was answered, “but I haven’t time to look at

dolls now. Surely that fellow ought to be here!"

And again he drew forth his watch. It was seven minutes past eight.

"If he should disappoint me!"

And in fear that the hackman would not keep his engagement, he spent the next six or seven minutes in a state of nervous impatience—thus making both himself and family very uncomfortable.

At length it was a quarter past eight; but no hackman was at the door.

"Just as I feared," said Mr. Haven't-time. "It is too bad—too bad! No faith to be placed in anybody."

And off he started to hunt up another hackman. Scarcely had he turned the first corner, ere the carriage, waited for so impatiently, drove up.

Full twenty minutes elapsed before the return of Mr. Haven't-time with another carriage. He was, of course, excited and unreasonable, and would hear nothing

the first hackman had to say. Hurriedly his trunk was taken up, and off he dashed, forgetting, in his excitement and confusion, to kiss his wife and children, or even so much as to wave them an adieu.

“Push up your horses, driver, or I shall lose my passage,” he cried, every now and then; but, for all his urging, the driver did not in the least increase the rate of speed, for he knew that he would be in time.

The first bell was ringing when Mr. Haven't-time stepped on board of the John Stevens. So he had a quarter of an hour to spare for all his impatience; and but for his weak fear that the hackman would not keep his appointment, might have been at the boat much earlier, if that would have increased his satisfaction.

No one suffers himself to become excited and unreasonable, without an after-feeling of discomfort. Long after the passengers were on their way to New York, did our friend sit in a dreamy, oppressed state of mind, musing over the incidents of the

morning. He felt by no means satisfied with himself. That was impossible under the circumstances; for his own common sense told him that he had acted very foolishly—and no one who has this consciousness can enjoy much self-satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

MR. HAVEN'T-TIME IN NEW YORK.

AT two o'clock, Mr. Haven't-time arrived in the city of New York, where he dined in a hurry, and then started forth to see what was to be seen. He had a particular friend, whose store was in Pearl, near Fulton street, to whom he had written of his purpose to spend a few days in New York, and the friend had replied, telling him to be sure to call on him, and he would take pleasure in showing him whatever was notable in the city. This he had fully intended to do; but, as his stay in New York

was to be so limited, he felt that every moment was of value and must be improved. It seemed like a loss of time to go so far away as Pearl street. So, without having any distinct object in his mind, he sallied forth, and, turning his steps up Broadway, walked at a rapid pace until he reached Union Park. But, though many imposing edifices met his eyes, he remained ignorant of their names or the purposes for which they were erected. From that point he started off, at a venture, toward the East River, and swept around through some of the most unattractive portions of the city. It was sundown when he got back to the hotel, by which time he was suffering from extreme fatigue and a most distracting headache.

Not having called on his friend, for want of time, during the afternoon, it was his purpose to see him that evening at his residence. But he felt too unwell, after tea, to go out; and so retired to bed, feeling very much dissatisfied with the result of

his first day in New York. He had worn himself down with wandering aimlessly about. What had he seen? Nothing but a great panorama of houses and people. There was scarcely a single distinct image in his mind.

As soon as Mr. Haven't-time had hurried through his breakfast on the next morning, he sallied forth to get a more satisfactory view of New York than he had obtained on the previous day. A little experience had made him, temporarily, a little wiser. So, although he felt in a hurry, and could almost feel the hours sweeping by on rapid wings, he took his way with hasty steps to Pearl street. It was only half-past eight o'clock when he arrived at his friend's store; so he was too early for him by at least an hour. If he had called on the afternoon previous, an engagement to meet at a certain hour could have been entered into, and thus time would have been saved and a disappointment like this prevented.

The best Mr. Haven't-time could now do

was to leave his address and go back to the hotel. But the thought of waiting there for a whole hour fretted him exceedingly.

“I shall get to see nothing,” said he to himself, impatiently. “To-morrow morning I must leave, so only part of a single day remains. O dear! If I had called to see my friend yesterday, how much would have been gained.”

How unprofitable are regrets!

With impatient steps did our hero stride to and fro through the entrance-hall of the Astor House, now glancing at the clock, and now turning his eyes to the door as it swung open to admit some new comer. Even until the hour of ten came was this continued, and yet the face of his friend had not yet gladdened his vision. How restless he had grown!

“I can bear this no longer,” he at length exclaimed mentally, and, passing through the door, he was just stepping upon the pavement, with the intention of going *somewhere*, when he met his friend.

“My dear Mr. Haven't-time, how glad I am to see you!” Such was his friend's warm greeting as he seized his hand. “When did you arrive?”

“Yesterday.”

“Ah! Why then did not you call around before? If I had seen you in the afternoon, I could have so arranged matters as to give you the whole of to-day. As it is, I will not now be disengaged until the afternoon. But we will make good use of our time. How long do you remain?”

“Only until to-morrow.”

“To-morrow! O dear, no! You musn't go to-morrow. A week will not be too long to spend here. I want to take you to Greenwood, to the High Bridge, over to Staten Island, and to half a dozen other noted places in and around New York. Then there are two or three galleries of paintings in which hours may be spent with true enjoyment.”

“Must go to-morrow,” was the decided answer.

“Why do you say that?”

“No more time to spare for New York. Am on my way to Niagara, and must return to Philadelphia in two weeks from the day I left home.”

“Two weeks! You’ll be on the wing the whole time, fatigue yourself, and see little or nothing. Give yourself a longer period.”

“Impossible! Must be back in two weeks.”

“Stay here a day longer than you propose. I’ll give you the whole of to-morrow.”

“Haven’t-time, indeed,” was the reply.

It will be necessary for me to start in the morning, if I would accomplish my journey within the allotted period.”

“Won’t you remain a few days on your way back?” asked the friend.

“Most likely. That, however, will depend on the time left after visiting Niagara.”

Again the friend urged Mr. Haven’t-time to stay a day longer. But he could not be moved from his purpose to leave in the

morning. So an engagement was made for an afternoon ride to Greenwood, as a place well worthy a visit.

It was eleven o'clock when the two men parted. They were to meet again at three. In the interval, Mr. Haven't-time proposed to visit the Art-Union gallery and another choice collection of pictures; also, to ride out as far as one of the Croton reservoirs.

First he went to the Art-Union gallery, where were a number of choice paintings. Here a lover of art might linger and enjoy himself for hours. Mr. Haven't-time loved pictures, and had anticipated a good deal of pleasure from visiting the galleries of paintings in New York. At last he was in one of these galleries. The pleasure he had long hoped to enjoy was within his reach. Exquisite works of art were all around him—gems from the pencils of some of the most eminent living artists.

But Mr. Haven't-time, now that the means of enjoyment were within his reach, was in too hurried a state to accept the

proffered blessing. He could only glance cursorily around, taking in a glimpse of beauty here and there, but seeing not the real touches of genius in any thing. Scarcely did he learn the names of pictures over which he might have lingered in pure delight for a long period.

And here, for the present, we will leave my friend. In the next chapter will be related his further efforts to see what was to be seen in and around New York during the brief period he proposed to remain.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. HAVEN'T-TIME IN THE ART GALLERIES.

WE left Mr. Haven't-time in the Art-Union gallery, in which were then exhibited some very choice works of art. He was, as I have said, a lover of pictures, and had, for months, looked forward to the pleasure now within his reach. Foolish man! He

never had time to enjoy the present—was always hurrying forward to meet some coming good. The day's own delight was rejected in the eagerness with which he looked for that which belonged to the morrow.

And is not this too much the case with many of my readers, both young and old? Think, how often you have but half enjoyed the present, which you possessed, because your thought was on the future, which was not yet your own—and which you could not possibly enjoy until it became the present. Who, like Mr. Haven't-time in the picture-gallery, has not lost a long-expected enjoyment, presented at last for his acceptance, and simply because there was something else to be enjoyed so soon as this pleasure was over?

There was a picture in the gallery to which the newspapers had often referred, and which Mr. Haven't-time had greatly desired to see. It was one of those pictures that do not strike the eye with a broad contrast of colours, or with strong

points in the composition; but, wonderfully true to nature, and exquisite in sentiment and detail, it required, for its full appreciation, both good taste and a mind thoughtful and in repose. Before this picture stood, at length, Mr. Haven't-time. He had the good taste necessary for the enjoyment of such a picture, and the moment his eyes rested upon it, he perceived that it was indeed all that it had been pronounced by the art-critics. He had, already, looked several times at his watch, and only a few minutes now remained of the time mentally allotted for his stay in the gallery.

“Ah,” said he to himself, with a sudden emotion of pleasure, as he found himself in front of and recognised this painting, “here is the much talked-of picture.”

A moment or two he gazed upon it. “Beautiful—charming—exquisite,” was murmured.

Then he drew forth his watch; looked and sighed. It was half-past eleven o'clock.

“How unfortunate! What would I not

give for half an hour. But I can't stay a moment longer here. I must visit the Dusseldorf Gallery."

And Mr. Haven't-time turned from the picture he had so much desired to see, with but a vague, general idea of it in his mind, and not a single one of its many rare excellencies discovered and appreciated.

"I ought to have visited the Dusseldorf paintings first," said he, as he hurried along the street—"I shall have no time to examine them now as they ought to be examined. Why didn't I go there yesterday afternoon, instead of roaming about the streets to no purpose, and making myself sick into the bargain?"

And Mr. Haven't-time, who felt hurried and nervous, sighed again.

To the Dusseldorf Gallery he now repaired. Shall we accompany him there? That would be scarcely more satisfactory to the reader than was the visit to Mr. Haven't-time. He stayed just ten minutes, passing hurriedly from picture to picture,

now looking at his watch and now at a painting, and always having in his mind a more perfect idea of the position of the hands on his gold lever, than of the distinguishing points in the work of art he happened to be contemplating.

Ten minutes, I have said, was all he could spare for the Dusseldorf Gallery. If, during that brief period, Mr. Haven't-time had composed himself—suppressed his hurried feelings—and rightly improved the limited opportunity his own will had given him, by studying a single one of the many fine pictures by which he was surrounded, he would have gained something—have fixed in his memory certain beautiful forms and achievements of art, that would afterward have proved, in remembrance, a source of unalloyed pleasure.

But Mr. Haven't-time was in too hurried a state of mind for so wise an act as this. He had come to see this celebrated collection of paintings, and he attempted to see it at what almost might be called a single

glance. Of course, he saw next to nothing at all; and when, at the expiration of his ten minutes, he left the gallery, the pictures he had looked upon formed in his mind only an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of brilliant forms and colours. He had gained no new ideas in art; had examined appreciatingly no single work. He could say that he had visited the Dusseldorf Gallery—but, beyond that, he would be able to remember or communicate nothing.

CHAPTER V.

MR. HAVEN'T-TIME VISITS ONE OF THE RESERVOIRS.

WITH a hurried manner Mr. Haven't-time jumped into the first stage that passed, and was off for one of the Croton reservoirs. There are two of these—one known as the Receiving, and the other as the Distributing reservoir. The former is the largest

and most distant. It receives the water from the Croton aqueduct, which is over thirty miles in length, and is capable of holding many millions of gallons. From this immense reservoir the water passes to the smaller one, from whence it is distributed, by means of pipes, through the city.

Mr. Haven't-time had no particular object in view, beyond mere curiosity, when he first proposed a visit to one of these reservoirs; and, hot as the day proved to be, and limited as his time now was, it did not once occur to him that more would really be gained in pleasure and profit by spending the hour, or hour and a-half, it would take to ride out and back, in the art-galleries. No. He had resolved to see a good deal of New York in a short period. His time was limited, and he must make the most of it.

How were the thoughts of Mr. Haven't-time occupied, as he went lumbering along the street in the heavy omnibus, that was continually stopping to let out or take up

passengers? In recalling images of the beautiful in art, and fixing them more permanently in his mind; or, in preparing himself for a right appreciation of the gigantic work by which New York was supplied with pure water from a mountain-stream? Not by any means so profitably, I am compelled to say. His thought was, for once, fixed on the present, and he was fretting himself at the slow progress made by the omnibus, and at the frequent stoppages for the accommodation of passengers. Every little while he pulled out his watch and looked at it, noting each time, to a second, the place of the hands upon its dial. Once or twice he called out, impatiently, to the driver—

“Hallo! Are you asleep up there?”

“What’s wanted?” growled down the driver at the second interrogation made by Mr. Haven’t-time.

“Are you, or your horses, asleep?” was returned ill-naturedly.

Now, angry and insulting language rare-

ly, if ever, does any good. It certainly did no good in this case; for instead of increasing the speed of his horses, the driver lessened it very perceptibly, and at almost every cross-street stopped to wait for passengers, holding up his hand to every man who seemed to be looking at him, even if he were a whole block distant. At length the patience of Mr. Haven't-time became entirely exhausted. He jerked the check string, and when the omnibus stopped, handed up his sixpence, saying as he did so—

“Here, take your fare! I can walk faster than you go.”

The passengers smiled at Mr. Haven't-time's impatience, as he left the omnibus, while the driver, piqued at his words, cracked his whip over his horses' heads, and soon swept far in advance of him. The disturbed state of Mr. Haven't-time, added to the new exertion of walking, soon brought the perspiration from every pore, and thus discomfort of body was added to disturb-

ance of mind. He strode on, however, at a rapid pace, no little mortified, by the way, at seeing the stage in which he ought to have been riding, soon far ahead of him.

The first reservoir was at least a mile distant. This he learned on making inquiry, after having tired and overheated himself by walking. Several omnibuses had passed him, all going to the point he wished to reach, but having abandoned one, his pride would not let him take another.

Ah! how much do not people sometimes sacrifice to a weak and foolish pride. They do unreasonable things, entailing upon themselves, in consequence, trouble and inconvenience; but pride will not let them acknowledge, in act, that they had been unreasonable, and so they continue to bear the evil arising from their own conduct.

No, Mr. Haven't-time had left one omnibus because it went too slow for him, and though others were passing him every few

moments at a rapid rate compared with the progress he was making, pride would not let him avail himself of their speed and convenience.

He was yet, as has been said, a mile from the reservoir. He was hot, tired, and greatly fretted in his mind. Moreover, on consulting his watch, he discovered that it was not far from one o'clock.

Now, Mr. Haven't-time was a man who, after making up his mind to do a thing, never liked to stop short of the accomplishment. This is a good trait of character, provided it be accompanied with forethought and sound judgment. When we commence a work, we should not let ordinary hindrances prevent its completion. But if we discover that there is an error in our calculation, and that an injury rather than a benefit will result should we persevere to the end, then it is wisdom to abandon the pursuit.

Well would it have been for Mr.

Haven't-time had he acted thus wisely. But no—he had started for the reservoir—and to the reservoir he must go. It was nearly one o'clock and it would certainly be after two before he could get back to the Astor House. No matter! He was bound to go. Then why not take one of the many omnibuses that were rattling by? The reader is already answered. He was disgusted with these slow vehicles, and meant to walk the rest of the way.

So on he hurried, with increasing speed, and soon got beyond the shaded sidewalks to the open lots of the suburbs. Here the sun's direct rays were poured meltingly down upon him. But he still pressed forward, dripping at every pore, and half-suffocated with the dust that filled the sultry atmosphere.

At last, Mr. Haven't-time reached the lower reservoir, so excessively fatigued, that he could with difficulty drag his tired limbs up the flight of stone steps that led

to the top of the surrounding walls. But, the object of his great exertions being gained, all interest therein at once subsided. There was a vast amount of mason-work, and a large collection of water, upon which the sun shone dazzlingly down. As to picturesque beauty, it bore no comparison whatever to the Fairmount of his own city.

“Bah!” he said, impatiently, after moving along the surface of the wall for a few rods—“And is it for this that I have nearly made myself sick?”

And he turned himself about, walked back to the stone staircase, and descended to the street.

At no great distance was the stopping-place of a line of omnibuses, from which a stage started every few minutes. A stage had just come in, and another was just moving off, as Mr. Haven't-time came within hailing-distance.

“Hallo, there! Stop a moment!” shouted our friend, throwing up his hands and making signs to the driver.

But the driver neither seeing nor hearing him, Mr. Haven't-time started forward "on the run," still shouting and making motions with his hands. All was of no avail, however. The stage kept on its way.

"You can't make him hear," said the driver of an omnibus which had just arrived at the stand; "but I shall start in two or three minutes."

"Minutes! Humph! Yes, I know what an omnibus minute is," replied Mr. Haven't-time, as he stopped, panting, and commenced wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "The fellow heard and saw me; I know he did!"

Just as he said this, Mr. Haven't-time saw the omnibus that had left the stand, and which was now a few hundred yards down the street, stop for a passenger. Tired, heated, and excited as he was, the foolish man, in the hope of gaining some two or three minutes, started forward, making new signs to the driver. He had gone



MR. HAVN'T-TIME TRYING TO OVERTAKE THE OMNIBUS.

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but a few paces, however, before he trod upon a loose stone, and fell to the ground with a badly sprained ankle.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. HAVEN'T-TIME RETURNS TO PHILADELPHIA
WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE.

IF any of my young readers have ever been so unfortunate as to sprain an ankle badly, they will be able to form a pretty clear idea of Mr. Haven't-time's unhappy condition after his fall. The pain of the wrenched muscles was, for some moments, excruciating, and he groaned aloud from extreme suffering. So soon as his first paroxysm of severe pain subsided, Mr. Haven't-time hobbled back to the omnibus that still remained on the stand. Silently, and with a subdued manner, he entered the vehicle, and took his seat. Scarcely had he done so, ere the driver mounted his box and

started on his route. He was not over three minutes, at most, behind his predecessor, and likely to reach the Astor House quite as early.

In his blind impatience to gain these three minutes, what had Mr. Haven't-time not lost? He was in a sad condition on reaching his hotel. Gradually, from the time he entered the omnibus, until, with the kind assistance of a gentleman passenger, he descended therefrom, the pain in his ankle had continued to increase; and so dreadfully severe was it when he entered his room, that he actually fainted away.

When the friend came at three o'clock, to drive him over to Greenwood, he found Mr. Haven't-time in a sad condition. The physician called in at the emergency, knowing the value of arnica tincture in a case like this, had applied it freely to the suffering part, and there was a slight progressive abatement of the intense pain which had returned so soon as the fainting-fit was over; but still the patient was in an agony.

“My dear sir, what has happened?” eagerly inquired the friend, on seeing Mr. Haven’t-time’s pale, suffering face.

“More of my usual ill-luck,” was replied. “I’ve sprained my ankle dreadfully.”

And a deep groan followed the sentence.

“How in the world did that happen?” asked the friend.

“It happened from the stupidity, if not wilfulness, of one of your miserable omnibus-drivers. O dear, dear, dear! How it does pain me! It is worse than drawing a tooth.”

“He didn’t run over you, surely?”

“Oh no! He ran away from me, and in trying to overtake him, I stepped on a cobble-stone, and thus sprained my ankle. He must have seen me. I only wish I’d had a rope around his neck. He wouldn’t have been three seconds in stopping his horses.”

Yet the truth was, the driver had not seen Mr. Haven’t-time, or else he would have waited for him. It was his business

to get as many passengers as possible, and he never thought it any trouble to stop his horses for that purpose, or even to wait, for a slow walker, what the "insiders" frequently thought an unreasonable length of time. No man was more impatient at such delays than Mr. Haven't-time himself, whenever he occupied a place in an omnibus.

No, the fault was not in the driver. It was all in Mr. Haven't-time himself. And now he was suffering the consequences of his own blind impatience. To gain three minutes, that would have been of no real value to him, he had lost several days, or, it might be, weeks; for, of all things, a sprained ankle is one of the slowest to recover.

"You'll be better in a day or two, I hope," said the friend, trying to offer some consolation.

"A day or two! O dear! If I'm able to leave here in a week, I'll be thankful."

"Not so bad as that. I shall be greatly

disappointed if you are not able to leave for Niagara in two or three days."

"For Niagara! Humph! No Niagara for me, this year. That's all over."

And it was so. A week from the day Mr. Haven't-time left home, he returned to Philadelphia, not yet able to walk, except by the aid of a crutch.

What had he seen? What pleasure had he taken? Much of intelligent gratification he had promised himself—yet none had been received. Why? Need we answer the reader? Were not his own impatient temper and too constant thought of passing time, the cause? Undoubtedly they were. These, for him, marred every thing. But, leaving Mr. Haven't-time for the present, I will introduce my readers more particularly, in the next chapter, to my other neighbour, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT MR. DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY.

As I said, in a previous chapter, my neighbour, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, also took a little pleasure-jaut to himself last summer. This jaunt had been for some months in contemplation, and much enjoyment was expected therefrom. He and Mr. Haven't-time were intimately acquainted, and often spent a social evening together. They frequently spoke of their anticipated summer tour; and long before the time of starting came, had agreed to leave home on the same day, and to visit Niagara together.

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry thought that the second week in August would be quite early enough to start; but his neighbour, always inclined to take old Time, as they say, by the forelock, wished to leave home at least by the middle of July.

“Too soon by several weeks, my good

friend," objected Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry. "I wouldn't think of going before the second week in August."

"The second week in August!" exclaimed Mr. Haven't-time. "O dear! I must be home ere that. And, besides, the earlier we go the better. Later in the season, everybody is crowding the fashionable places of resort, destroying, to quiet bodies like you and I, all comfort. Let us be wise, and take our pleasure when most is to be obtained."

But Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry could not be persuaded to start so early as the middle of July. He had quite as many arguments against, as his friend had in favour, of that time. So, after many conferences on the subject, it was finally agreed between the parties, that they should start together on the first of August.

"Did they start together?" asks a young reader. "You said nothing of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry as the companion of Mr. Haven't-time."

Wait a little while, and you shall see.

Well, summer progressed to the middle of July, and still it was understood that the two gentlemen should leave home, in company, for the contemplated tour, on the first of August.

The last week in July was at length at hand. In six or seven days more, the looked-for period would arrive.

"Next Monday we are to start," said Mr. Haven't-time, on meeting Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry a week previous to the first day of August.

"Next Monday! You are a little ahead of time, are you not?" was the cool, almost indifferent answer of the impassive Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

"Ahead of time! Why don't you know that next Monday is the first day of August?" Mr. Haven't-time spoke in a quick, disturbed manner.

"The first day, is it?" How marked was the contrast between the two men's states of feeling. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry

was as placid as the surface of a mountain lake.

“Certainly it is the first day—the day on which it has long been understood that we were to leave for our trip to Niagara.”

“I did not understand,” replied Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, “that we were to leave on the *very* first day.”

“Pray what then did you understand?” asked Mr. Haven't-time, a good deal irritated. “Doesn't the *first* mean the *first*?”

“Oh certainly. But when we speak of the first of a coming month, we generally mean the early portion of it: do we not?”

“I don't,” was the curt reply.

“Well, I do, my good friend Haven't-time,” smilingly answered the undisturbed Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry. “The first of August, in the present case, I understood to mean the first few days after the going out of July. To start on the *very* first day, whether it were Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, never entered into my calculation. Now, don't you see, that to leave on Mon-

day would be to interfere very materially with the domestic arrangements of our families?"

"How so, pray?" asked Mr. Haven't-time.

"Monday is the regular washing-day."

"Well; what of that?"

"Ask your good wife, and she will answer the question more to your satisfaction, I imagine, than I can."

"You mean, I suppose, that your clothes would not be ready for you on the first day of the week?"

"Just what I mean. Our washing is done on Monday, and our ironing on Tuesday. Not until Wednesday could I possibly get ready to go. When I agreed to leave with you on the first of August, I never, for a moment, thought of disregarding every domestic arrangement in order to hurry off on the very day, as if life or death depended on the act. We are going for pleasure. Let us start fairly, calmly, and wisely. If we do not, we had better re-

main at home—for no true pleasure will we find abroad. If we start on Monday, it will be at the expense of household comfort. Friday and Saturday have their appropriate duties for our wives and domestics; if, to these, we add the extra burdens of washing and ironing, in order to have our clothes ready by Monday morning, we shall produce a state of disorder that will mar the parting hour. I know it; I've seen it, Mr. Haven't-time."

"All very good talk," was rejoined. "But I don't see any great hardship in what you mention. It isn't often that I take a week's relaxation from business, and it would be a pity if my wife and domestics were to regard a little extra trouble, once a year, in order that I might get away at an appointed time, as a heavy burden—a great tax upon their comfort."

"All deviations from the usual order in families, or in business, produce greater or less disturbance—and these rarely come without creating discomfort. As for me, I

would a thousand times rather wait until Wednesday, when all things necessary for my journey will, in the natural course of things, be ready, and when I can start from home without leaving my wife excited and overwearied by extra exertions."

"Then I understand," said Mr. Haven't-time, "that you will not start on Monday?"

"Certainly not."

"When will you be ready to start?"

"On Wednesday."

"I've made up my mind to go on Monday, and when my mind is once made up to do a thing, I never like to be balked."

"Come, come, my good friend Haven't-time," said Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry good-humouredly, "this is being over-particular—more nice than wise, as the proverb says. Even for you, Wednesday will be far the best time for leaving home. Ask Mrs. Haven't-time her opinion of the matter, and see if she doesn't agree with me entirely."

"No doubt of that—no doubt of that; women are always"—

Mr. Haven't-time checked himself, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"You'll wait until Wednesday, of course," said Mr. Don't-be-in-in-a-hurry.

"I don't know. I'll think about it," was replied, in a moody tone.

And so the two men parted.

On the day following, they met and again talked the matter over. As Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry wouldn't hear to starting on Monday, the other reluctantly consented to wait for his good company until Wednesday. This, however, was not done with the best grace in the world.

"I'll go on Wednesday, mind," said the latter, "even if it rains pitchforks."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

A WEEK passed swiftly away, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry scarcely giving a thought to needful preparation in view of his journey. There would be time enough for that on Monday and Tuesday, he thought within himself.

"Do you mean to start on Wednesday?" asked his wife, as Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was preparing to go out on Saturday morning.

"Yes. I shall leave on Wednesday," was replied.

"Are those your best boots?" and his wife glanced down at his feet.

"They are."

"You'd better order new ones, then."

"I'll see my boot-maker as I go to the store," returned Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, "and tell him to make me another pair."

This was his intention when he left home. But, as the boot-maker did not live directly on his way to his place of business, he concluded, as he walked along, that it would be time enough to call there as he came home at dinner-time. He was in no particular hurry, that he thus put off until another time what needed to be done at the earliest possible moment; but acted merely from a bad habit of procrastination.

“Did you order a new pair of boots?” asked his wife, on his return at dinner-time. She knew his failing, and was, therefore, watchful over him at times.

“I declare! No: I forgot all about it,” replied Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

“I'm afraid you'll be disappointed,” said his wife, “if you expect to get them by Wednesday. Remember, only Monday and Tuesday intervene after this week.”

“I know. But I'll stop as I go back from dinner, and explain to Barker the necessity of having them done by Tuesday

night. He'll get them done for me without doubt. I'm an old and good customer."

"Ten to one," replied his wife, smiling, "that you never think about your boots again, until I remind you of them at supper-time this evening."

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was quite amused at this remark, and laughed at it heartily. He was, like most persons of his peculiar character, too little conscious of his leading defect.

"About the boots?" said Mrs. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, as they sat down at tea in the evening.

"I declare!" and her husband fairly started to his feet.

"Didn't get measured?"

"No. I forgot all about them. "How stupid of me!"

"I thought it would be so," was replied. "You'll not get off on Wednesday."

"Won't I? You'll see. After supper, I'll go down and see Barker."

"Are you going to order those boots?"

inquired Mrs. Don't-be-in-a-hurry of her husband, as she saw him seated cozily in his large cushioned chair, with a new book in his hand.

“Not this evening?” was replied. “Since I thought it over, I see no use in walking away down there to-night. To-morrow is Sunday; and nothing will, of course, be gained. I'll see Barker the first thing on Monday morning?”

His wife shook her head and smiled.

“Why do you smile and shake your head, my dear? Don't you see, as well as I do, that nothing could be done on the boots to-night? Why, then, should I fatigue myself with walking a dozen squares or so, to do what can just as well be done on Monday morning?”

No reply was made to this, and the gentleman resumed his book.

On Monday morning, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry forgot to call at the boot-maker's on his way to his store. At ten o'clock he

thought of the omission, and started off forthwith to see Mr. Barker.

"How soon can you have them ready?" he asked, after the measure of his foot had been taken.

"I will send them home on Saturday night," was answered.

"Saturday night! I must have them on Tuesday night."

"To-morrow night?"

"Yes. On Wednesday morning I am to leave the city."

"Impossible," said the boot-maker.

"Don't say that. I must have them."

"Why did not you call in last week?" asked Mr. Barker.

"I did intend calling in on Saturday; but forgot to do so. I'm sure, however, if you strain a point, you can get the boots ready for me. I would put off going until Thursday, but I'm to leave in company with Mr. Haven't-time, and when he sets a day on which to do a thing, he will go through fire and water but it is done."

“I made Mr. Haven’t-time a pair of boots last week. I sent them home on Thursday. He mentioned that he was going away at an early date,” said Barker in answer to this. “He’s always a little beforehand in making his orders.”

After some persuasion on the part of Mr. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry, the boot-maker agreed to use his best exertions in behalf of his customer. Satisfied with this promise, our friend gave himself no further trouble on the subject.

On Tuesday, it was discovered that Mr. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry’s overcoat—it is not prudent to leave home even in summer-time without an overcoat—had in it a serious rent that must be repaired.

“I will direct my tailor to send for it,” said he, as his wife called his attention to it at dinner-time.

“Your tailor has forgotten to send for that coat.” These were the wife’s first words on his entrance at tea-time.

“I declare!” Mr. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry

struck his hands together, looking, at the same time, rather blank.

"You forgot to see him, I suppose?"

"It's a fact. How could I have been so absent-minded!"

"You can't take the coat with you as it is," said the wife.

A bright thought struck Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry at the moment. He was good at expedients.

"As I shall remain in New York two or three days," he replied, "I can get the coat mended while there. I won't need it on the way."

To this his wife saw fit to make no objection. It was the best that could now be done. So that hinderance to the morning's journey was removed.

"Have my boots come home yet?" asked Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, suddenly recollecting these important articles, as he sat reading, about nine o'clock in the evening.

"I've seen nothing of them," replied his wife. As she spoke, she arose and rang

the bell. On the appearance of a domestic, she inquired if a pair of boots had been sent home for her husband. The answer was in the negative.

"I hardly expected them to-night," said the quiet-minded gentleman. "No doubt they will come along bright and early in the morning." And he resumed the reading of his book.

"I wouldn't trouble myself with that to-night," he remarked to his wife, about ten o'clock, seeing her about commencing to pack his trunk. "There will be time enough in the morning."

"I'd rather have it off my mind," was answered. "There'll be enough for me to do in the morning, without having this into the bargain. Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day—that is my motto, you know."

"And a very good one it is," responded the husband. "Still, if to-day's work is too heavy, I do not see why a portion of it may not be set aside for to-morrow."

He was an apt reasoner—never without an argument to favour his inclinations.

“Have you ordered a carriage?” asked Mrs. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry, looking up from her work of packing her husband’s trunk.

“No—I forgot all about that. But there will be time enough in the morning. The line doesn’t start, you know, until nine o’clock.”

Morning came.

“Have my boots been sent home yet?” was the natural question of Mr. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry, as he came down to breakfast at seven o’clock. Early for him.

The reply was a negative.

“They’ll be along in time, no doubt.” And he took his place at the table, undisturbed in feeling.

“No boots yet!” said he, half an hour afterward, a little uneasily.

“I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed,” remarked his wife.

“Barker is a man of his word. The

boots will be along, I am certain. In the mean time I'll go for a carriage."

So off he started for the stable of a man who lived close by. But the man, in no expectation of such a visit, had left for his stand in Seventh street half an hour before.

"How annoying!" ejaculated Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, now considerably fretted in his mind.

There was no remedy but to walk over a mile to one of the regular carriage-stands. So, off he started—going rapidly. In due time the stand was gained, and a carriage engaged. In this our friend drove back to his dwelling, feeling still a good deal disturbed. He began to have pretty serious fears in regard to the boots. Not that he was so over-anxious to get away on his own account. He thought more of Mr. Haven't-time, who had delayed since Monday, in order that they might go in company. To fail meeting him at the boat,

as he had promised, was by no means pleasant to think about.

His fears were not idle. On arriving with the carriage, the boots were still absent.

It's not half-past eight. They'll be along yet, I am sure," said Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, as he walked restlessly about his parlour. He was disturbed for once in his life. "If it wasn't for Mr. Haven't-time, I would not care a fig. But he'll be so disappointed."

No matter as to consequences, the boots did not come. And, as the old pair were broken out at the sides, they were unfit for genteel service. So, at a quarter to nine o'clock, the driver was paid and dismissed. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was compelled to wait another day. But Mr. Haven't-time went on his way alone, as the reader is aware.

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MR. DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY LOSES HIS TRUNK.

CHAPTER IX.

STARTS FOR NEW YORK.

DURING the day, the new boots came home, and on the next morning Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry started for New York; not, however, without a narrow risk of being left behind by the steamboat, in consequence of his failing to be ready to start when the hack-driver called for him. The gangway plank had been withdrawn when he reached the wharf. A vigorous spring enabled him to reach the deck of the boat. But his trunk remained in the hands of the porter who had taken it from behind the carriage.

"Throw the trunk on board," he cried, eagerly, to the porter.

But the man stood immovable, while the boat, the engine having been set in motion, started quickly ahead.

It was all in vain. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-

hurry was on his way to New York—but his wardrobe was behind him. On giving information to the captain, that personage very politely offered to look after the trunk when the boat returned, and see that it was forwarded to New York by the afternoon train.

About as easy in mind as a man well could be under the circumstances, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry pursued his way to New York. He tried not to think about the trunk; but his thoughts would turn, every little while, to the scene on the wharf at the time the steamboat started; and, in spite of all his philosophy, he felt troubled. What was there, he asked himself, to prevent the porter, who had possession of his trunk, from stealing it?

This was our friend's state of mind when he arrived at New York. After he had taken dinner, he thought he would go to the telegraph-office and ask some acquaintance in Philadelphia to make inquiry for his trunk; and, if found, to send it on by

the five o'clock train of cars. He deferred this, however, on the ground that, as the steamboat captain would attend to the matter for him, there would be no use in troubling a third person.

During the afternoon of this first day in New York, it had been the purpose of Mr. Don't-be-in-hurry to visit one or two places of note. But the uncertainty in regard to his trunk so disturbed his mind that all interest therein was, for the time, destroyed. So he moped about the reading-room and parlours of the hotel until supper-time. After supper, he thought of going to some place of amusement or noted exhibition; but the trouble about his trunk still oppressed him.

"O dear!" he sighed to himself. "I wish, now, that I had telegraphed to Philadelphia about the trunk. I would, at least, have had a certainty to depend upon. I would have known whether it had been found or not. As it is, all will be suspense until ten o'clock to-night. And then"——

Poor man. "And then?" There were questions, now, in his mind, as to whether the captain of the boat had thought about his trunk. If not, the probability of its coming in the next train was but small.

"How foolish in me not to have sent a telegraphic despatch on the moment of my arrival in New York! That was the only sensible thing to do. Instead, however, I have been waiting, and worrying myself, for hours, when, in ten minutes, the fullest information might have been obtained. I am so vexed with myself! I deserve to lose my trunk."

In this uncomfortable state of mind, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, passed the hours until the arrival of the night-train from Philadelphia. Long before it came in, he was at the ferry-house, on the look-out for the boat in which the passengers are conveyed from Jersey City to New York. When at length the boat touched the wharf, which was a little after ten o'clock, there having been some detention on the way, he sprang

on board, and made inquiry for the baggage-master. But, from him he could gain no intelligence of the missing trunk. The crates were all looked into, the trunks on the deck examined, and every means used to ascertain if his baggage had come on. It was not to be found.

Back to his hotel returned Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, his heart heavy with disappointment.

"All my own fault," said he to himself. How little is there in this reflection to give pleasure to any one!

Yes, it was all his own fault. He should have been ready to leave at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, when the hack-driver called for him. There had been no hinderance in the way beyond his own dilatory habit. "There's time enough." This was his answer when his wife urged him, for the tenth time, to complete his latest preparations for his journey.

Of all this, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was

now distinctly conscious, and it added no little to his unhappy feelings.

On the next morning, bright and early, he posted off for the telegraph-office. A message was sent to one of his clerks in Philadelphia, who was directed to go to the railroad-office at Walnut-street wharf and see if he could find the missing trunk. In half an hour word came back that the clerk had received the message, and would forthwith do as requested. A whole hour passed—then came this despatch:—

“Trunk found. Will send it by five-o'clock line.”

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry breathed freely again. But how much vexation of mind and uneasiness had his want of promptness in action cost him! And not only this, there was a loss of positive enjoyment which he would have derived from visiting certain attractive places during the afternoon of the previous day. Nor did the presence of all this in his mind add to

his present ability to enjoy what was around him.

Like Mr. Haven't-time, he had a particular friend in New York, from whose good offices in showing him about the city he had expected much. He could not call upon this friend without accepting an invitation to dine with him; and so, as from the absence of his trunk he was not able to change his clothing, some portions of which were considerably soiled, he felt compelled to wait until the next day, before giving himself this pleasure.

So he went back to his hotel, and taking a seat in the reading-room, set to thinking about what he should do with himself for the day. A glance in a mirror opposite did not show him a man who looked as if just out of a bandbox. By no means flattered by his personal appearance, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry at once decided not to show himself for that day, in places of such fashionable resort as the Art Galleries. One of these, in particular, he had promis-

ed himself great pleasure in visiting. So, after a while, he strayed down Broadway as far as the Battery, where he remained looking at the shipping in the bay until dinner-time; although he had only intended to remain there an hour. The afternoon was spent in idling about the hotel, and the evening in waiting for the cars to arrive from Philadelphia. Greatly to his relief of mind, the trunk was received.

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's adventures while in New York will be detailed in the next chapters.

CHAPTER X.

MR. DON'T-BE-IN-A-HURRY IN NEW YORK.

ON the morning following, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was slightly indisposed. For a man of his temperament and habits of mind, the anxiety and excitement of the two previous days were too severe. He found himself feverish, and with a disturbed nervous



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system. He suffered, also, from a low, dull, stupefying headache.

After taking a cup of coffee, and eating a light breakfast, he felt a little better. The headache subsided; but he was still feverish and nervous.

“What shall I do with myself to-day?”

This was a very natural question. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's visit to New York was one of pleasure and recreation, not business. He had been in the city a day and a-half without seeing any thing that he particularly cared to see; and now it behooved him to make good use of the time that remained. He had meant to spend four or five days in New York—that is, in leaving home on Wednesday, as at first proposed, his intention was to stay the remainder of the week in the city, and leave for Niagara on Monday morning.

As the reader has seen, our traveller failed to get away from home on Wednesday, in consequence of want of proper forethought. Thursday and Friday were lost,

from the same cause. He was not ready to leave when the carriage came for him, and he got so late to the boat that his baggage failed to be passed aboard. A prompt telegraphic despatch, on his arrival in New York, would have brought on the trunk by the evening train. Yielding to his defect of character, he failed to do this; and so had to wait all of Friday before receiving it.

Only Saturday remained for sight-seeing in New York; and unfortunately for our friend, his state both of body and mind were such, that he felt little interest in any thing around him. Still, the question, "What shall I do with myself to-day?" came up naturally. A certain amount of curiosity—whether active or passive—was to be gratified, of course. For what else had Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry come to New York? He decided, after turning the matter over in his mind briefly, to call at once upon his friend, whose name was Jenkins. A cordial greeting took place when they met, and then they sat down to have a cozy chat

together about old times, new times, and matters and things in general.

“How much I regret not having seen you yesterday morning!” said Mr. Jenkins, breaking in upon a pause in their conversation. “We had a dinner on board of one of the new Liverpool steamers, and a sail outside the harbour. I had two invitations. What a treat it would have been for you! Oh, we had a delightful time.”

“Of all things in the world I should have enjoyed such a trip,” returned Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, a change in his countenance showing how he felt for the loss of a now clearly imagined pleasure.

“Have you ever been aboard of one of our large ocean-steamers?” asked Mr. Jenkins.

“Never,” was replied. “Though I always had a desire that way. During my present visit here, I purpose gratifying that desire.”

“Unfortunately,” remarked Mr. Jenkins, drawing out his watch, and looking at the

time, "the steamer of which I spoke sails at twelve o'clock to-day, and it is now nearly eleven. Of course, even if you could get on board, there would be no time for examination."

"When do you expect the next one to arrive?"

"Not for several days," replied Mr. Jenkins.

"I'm rather unlucky in this. But, on my return from Niagara, there will probably be a steamer in port; then I can gratify my curiosity."

The subject of conversation was then changed, and the two got into a discussion on some question of politics, which so absorbed Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's thoughts that he forgot every thing else, and talked with his friend for more than two hours.

"Bless me," exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, at length, drawing out and looking at his watch, "it is after one o'clock, and I've considerable bank business yet to attend to. Pray excuse me now. I shall be most

happy to see you this afternoon. You will dine with me to-morrow, of course."

"So late as one o'clock! I didn't think it was twelve. How rapidly the hours glide away!" said Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, starting to his feet. He promised to call on Mr. Jenkins again, during the afternoon. "Come in before five o'clock," said the latter. "I have a business engagement at that hour, which cannot be postponed."

"You will see me at some time between four and five," replied Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, as he bowed and took his departure. The interest felt in the subject of conversation had caused him to forget his bodily sensations. But, excitement of mind, and the consequent more rapid circulation of blood through his veins, added to instead of decreasing the feverish state of his system. He was, in reality, not so well as when, some two hours before, he called upon his friend Jenkins; and of this he became too feelingly aware soon after leaving him. Excitement of mind, when a slight indispo-

sition exists, is quite as injurious as over-exertion of body. Moderate exercise in the open air, and the visiting of one or two points of interest, would not have been detrimental; but the excitement of a long political discussion, in which the two men took opposite sides, greatly disturbed the brain of our friend, and this sent the disturbance along the nervous fibres to every part of the body.

Thus, two hours and more of time set apart for another purpose were wasted in profitless talk—and not only this, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry was unfitted, thereby, to enjoy the period that intervened before the dinner-hour.

On his way back to the hotel, whither a now stunning headache compelled him to repair, he passed the room in which Leutze's celebrated picture of Washington crossing the Delaware was exhibited. Of this work of art he had heard and read much, and particularly desired to see it.

“ Won't you tell us something about this

picture of Washington?" asks a young reader. Yes, I will do so with pleasure. First, however, let me refresh your memories, if that need be, touching the event it commemorates. You will remember, if you are familiar with the history of the American Revolution, and this you undoubtedly are, the series of reverses suffered by the American army during 1776. The battle of Long Island—the retreat from Brooklyn—the possession of New York by the British—the battle of Chatterton's Hill—the crossing of the Hudson by Washington, and his retreat through New Jersey beyond the River Delaware.

During the winter that followed, the army of Washington, which suffered great privations, was reduced to about three thousand men. Depressed and exhausted by defeat and fatigue, they remained posted on the west side of the Delaware.

The British, under General Howe, were stationed in New Jersey, about four thousand of them being distributed along the

east side of the river, at Trenton, Bordentown, the White Horse, Mount Holly, and Burlington, and the residue between the Delaware and the Hackensack. In the month of December, the continental army was reinforced, and Washington determined to recommence active operations. He had noticed the unprotected situation of the winter quarters of the British troops, and he contemplated the preservation of Philadelphia and the recovery of New Jersey, by sweeping, at one stroke, all the enemies' cantonments on the Delaware. General Greene's division, with whom was the commander-in-chief, were ordered to cross the river at McKonkey's ferry, nine miles above Trenton, to attack that post. General Irvine was directed to cross with his division at Trenton ferry, to secure the bridge below the town, and prevent the retreat of the enemy that way. General Cadwalader was to pass the river at Bristol ferry, and assault the post at Burlington. The night of Christmas was selected for

the execution of this daring scheme. It proved to be so intensely cold, and so much ice was made in the river, that Generals Irvine and Cadwalader, with the latter of whom was the artillery, were unable to cross with their divisions. The commander-in-chief was more fortunate. He succeeded in crossing with General's Greene's command, although he was delayed in point of time. The movement was commenced at dark, but the last of the troops did not get over before four o'clock in the morning. The result was the battle of Trenton, at which one thousand of the enemy were taken prisoners, and a thousand stand of arms and six pieces of artillery captured. Of the American troops, two privates were killed and two frozen to death, and one officer and three or four privates were wounded.

These are, briefly, the interesting facts in history, and the particular incident represented by the artist is the crossing of the Delaware by Washington. This took place during the night, when all was

shrouded in darkness, that concealed the movement. Of course Mr. Leutze could not represent the darkness without drawing his figures indistinct; so, departing a little from the true time, he makes the passage of the commander-in-chief take place in the cold light of the opening morning. The principal object in the picture is the boat of General Washington, which fills nearly the entire foreground. In the distance, dimly perceived through the hazy air, are other boats of the expedition. The low hills of New Jersey, covered with snow, are seen in the distance; while the eye seems to travel for miles and miles along the frozen surface of the Delaware. And here, I will avail myself of a minute and graphic description of this painting, taken from a periodical issued by the New York Art-Union, and especially devoted to the arts. It cannot fail to be read with deep interest.

“We have never seen in art a representation of nature so gloomy and austere as this immense barren vista, stretching north-

ward as far as the eye can reach, and filled with innumerable cakes of floating ice. One may almost feel the biting wind sweeping over this frigid waste. The aërial perspective is so well managed here that the impression of vastness and desolation is wonderfully enhanced by it, and the difficulty of the passage told in unmistakable language. The boat is represented with its broadside to the spectator, and propelled by three or four oarsmen, while a sturdy fellow at the bows, with a pole, is pushing away the huge lumps of ice that obstruct its path, and some of which are seen floating in the open, green water of the foreground. Standing near the bows of the boat, with his right foot raised upon a seat, is WASHINGTON, the central and most conspicuous object of the composition, and upon which the light is chiefly concentrated. His head, which is in profile, is relieved against the brightest part of the wintry morning sky. He wears a military cloak, which he restrains with his left hand

against the action of the wind, while his right, resting upon the knee that is raised, holds a small reconnoitring glass. He is dressed in full uniform, and wears the silver-mounted, green-hilted sword, which, we believe, is still preserved. He looks earnestly forward toward the shore he is approaching, and there is in his features and attitude an expression of dauntless energy, and at the same time of calmness and resolution and self-reliance, which befits the man and the occasion. It corresponds with our ideal of Washington, and what higher praise than this can we award! It is forcible without being extravagant or melo-dramatic, or contradicting our belief in the dignified gravity of his character. Seated beside him in front, and grasping the gunwale of the boat with his right hand, the rest of his body being enveloped in a blue military cloak, is Greene, who is also looking intently forward toward the point of debarkation. Immediately behind Washington stands Colonel Monroe, (afterward President,) at

that time a young man of nineteen and the aid of General Greene. He is bearing the flag, the loose folds of which are blown out by the wind. In this duty he is assisted by a sturdy countryman in a light frock and fur cap, whose countenance seems to us one of the most successful portions of the picture. It was taken in part, we have been informed, from the features of Webster and Jefferson, and it seems to embody the great traits that characterized the old continentals and assured the success of their arms. It is the grandest exhibition of the American type of countenance we have ever seen. There is a certain cast of solemnity in it, as if it were reflecting the darkness of that gloomiest period of our history, to be illuminated so soon, however, by the successes of Trenton and Princeton. We can follow in imagination that sturdy veteran into those fights, and witness the cool intrepidity with which he shared in their dangers. In the stern of the boat are five other figures, two oarsmen and

three officers, one of the latter having his head bandaged. The steersman wears a hunting-shirt, and is drawn with great vigour and truth to nature. The officers are wrapped in their cloaks, and the traces of a slight fall of snow are seen on the exposed portions of their dress. There are twelve persons in the boat, all represented of the size of life."

And now let me introduce an interesting incident connected with this painting, which shows the strong will and unconquerable energy of the artist. The painting was executed at Dusseldorf, Germany, where Mr. Leutze resided for some time. There is in that city a celebrated School of Art, pictures from which, of a very high order of excellence, are to be seen in New York. Here, as just said, Mr. Leutze painted his picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware." The work was nearly completed, when the building in which he had his studio caught fire, and the picture was so badly injured that he had to com-

mence a new one. We give his own account of this misfortune, taken from a letter he wrote to a friend, a few days after the occurrence:—

“I write to you with a heavy heart, and although not bowed down by the misfortune, still grieving for frustrated hopes. My picture of *Washington* is so much injured that I must give up all hope of being able to finish it without commencing it entirely anew. Five days ago, having just put down my palette to leave for dinner, I was startled by a crackling noise behind me, and on turning, saw the flames bursting through the floor of my studio. The apartments below were all on fire. All hopes to extinguish it seemed vain. Nothing else was left but to cut the picture from the frame, as the fire spread so rapidly to all appearances, and the smoke became so dense as to make a stay in the room for any length of time impossible. It was the last thing we did—the rooms were already cleared of every thing. We succeeded perfectly in

getting the canvas down, cutting it from the frame and rolling it; but the good people outside, in their zeal to assist, seized it so roughly that it was broken in more than five places, and no chance of restoring it left.

“I am particularly grieved to think how much longer I shall be detained from going to America. I have even thought of going at once and painting the picture there. Already I have ordered another canvas, and shall go to work upon it at once as soon as I receive it. Nothing shall deter me.

“The picture was insured, in its unfinished state, for 3000 thalers.

“I am just interrupted in this letter by the arrival of the deputies of the insurance company who brought me the money. They will (as, according to their statutes, the injured picture is their property) dispose of it by way of lottery, for the benefit of the wives and children of the militia of Prussia, who, under the present warlike

appearances, may soon be left without their male protectors. Ten thousand chances will be made at one thaler per chance. The copyright will be secured to me, as also six months possession of the injured picture to assist me in the repetition. . . . The size is 20 feet 4 inches, by 12, or nearly 12 feet in height."

And so he went resolutely to his task, and in a few months reproduced his work in the painting just described as on exhibition in New York.

This is a long digression, but we do not think the reader, whether young or old, has found it in the least tedious.

As before said, our friend Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry had heard much of this picture, and greatly desired to see it. Now the opportunity was at hand. Alas! he was in no condition to avail of it. His head ached, and his whole frame was weary and oppressed. If, instead of forgetting the true purpose of his visit to New York in a bootless political discussion, he had spent

the two hours thus lost in examining this painting and some of those on exhibition in the Art-Union Gallery, how much real pleasure would he have derived! How would his mind have been benefited and his taste improved!

A moment or two he hesitated whether to go in and see the picture or not. Then, a sudden increase of the pain in his head decided the brief debate. He was in no condition to enjoy a work of art, no matter how attractive, and so kept on his way toward the hotel. Arrived there, he went up to his room, and lying down, remained until dinner was announced. By this time, the pain in his head had again subsided. After dinner—he wisely partook but lightly of this meal—Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry felt a great deal better. But he concluded to remain quiet for the afternoon, with the exception of calling upon Mr. Jenkins, as agreed upon. At four o'clock he was in the reading-room, engaged in the perusal of an interesting newspaper article. Casually

raising his eyes, they rested upon the face of a clock—he noted the time, and thought within himself that he ought now to call upon Mr. Jenkins, who had particularly informed him that he would not be in his store after five. Then he let his eyes run along the article he was reading, to note its length. He had become interested in it—but it was long. A moment or two he hesitated whether to finish reading the article now, or to defer its perusal until after his call upon Mr. Jenkins.

“There’s time enough,” said he, and busied his thoughts again in the newspaper.

When next particularly conscious of surrounding objects, which was not until the long article was finished, it lacked only a few minutes of five o’clock.

“I declare!” he exclaimed, in observing this, starting up as he spoke, and hurrying off to the store of his friend. Mr. Jenkins, a very punctual man, had been gone just three minutes.

“Will he be back again?” inquired Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

“Not this afternoon,” was the reply.

Exceedingly disappointed, our friend returned to the hotel. He had forgotten to ask for the residence of Mr. Jenkins, with whom he was to dine on the morrow. This omission he remembered on reaching the hotel, and was about returning to get the information, when it occurred to his mind that a reference to a city Directory, to be procured at the bar, or office, would save this trouble. As the Directory could be consulted at any time, there was no necessity for doing it just then. So this was put off to an imagined more convenient moment.

The hurried walk to the store of Mr. Jenkins, and the disturbance of mind produced by what followed, brought back the headache from which Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry had suffered during the morning, and thus completed the day's defects and disappointments.

Our friend was something of a philoso

pher. He belonged to the class of men who, when reflection comes after a loss or an unpleasant occurrence, console themselves by saying—"It's no use to cry over spilled milk." So Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry said to himself, on becoming a little composed. The departure from New York was mentally delayed from Monday until Tuesday. On Sunday—so he thought within himself—he would dine with Mr. Jenkins, and, assisted by that gentleman's knowledge of the points of interest in New York, so arrange his time for Monday as to see a great deal, and thus make up for what had been lost. His headache continuing after supper, he did not go out during the evening. Half a dozen times he thought of consulting the Directory, to ascertain where Mr. Jenkins lived, but as often deferred it to another time. Finally, on retiring to bed, he still remained in ignorance on this point. But, said he to himself, as he remembered his neglect, it will be time enough in the morning.

But in the morning a new disappointment awaited him. On consulting the Directory, the name of Mr. Jenkins was not to be found therein. The truth was, Mr. Jenkins resided in Williamsburg, a fact which Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry would have learned, had he returned to his store on the afternoon previous, to make inquiry, as he had at first intended to do.

How Sunday was spent we will not describe. Not very profitably, however, it may be said.

On Monday morning, Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, who, during his Sunday reflections, had come to the conclusion that Mr. Jenkins had not treated him well, determined not to call again on that gentleman. So, after breakfast, he started forth, determined to see as much for one day as possible. It being early when he left the hotel, and the morning air feeling fresh and bracing, he concluded to walk first down to the Battery, although he had spent some hours there on Friday, and take another look at

the broad, beautiful bay, and the busy life upon its crowded surface.

“There will be plenty of time left to see all I want to see,” was the self-deluding remark with which he started down Broadway.

It was an hour before Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry reached the Battery. What with looking at the pictures and other notable things in the shop-windows; examining the interior of Trinity Church—not lost time this, by the way; strolling through Wall street, he used up at least sixty minutes, and arrived finally, at the point for which he had set out, quite weary enough to enjoy a comfortable seat beneath the shade-trees. The cool, refreshing air from the water, the moving panorama of ships and steamers, and the picturesqueness of the view, all produced so pleasant an effect upon the mind of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, that he remained, unconscious of the passing time, for nearly two hours.

“Twelve o'clock, as I live!” he exclaimed

at length, on drawing out his watch. "How swiftly the time does pass!"

So he left the Battery with a hurried movement, and, jumping into an omnibus, started up Broadway. His purpose was to visit without further delay, the picture of Washington crossing the Delaware. In this picture he had felt much pride and interest. It was the work of an American artist, and commemorated an event of deep historical interest. In fact, of all matters of interest in New York, the mind of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry had given to this the most prominence. And yet, strange as this may seem, while riding in the omnibus he determined, as he felt so comfortably seated, and was on the way, to continue on up town and take a look at Grace Church, Union Park, and the free-stone palaces of the Fifth Avenue, erected by some of the merchant-princes of New York. He could visit Leutze's picture on his return.

But, the time passed far more rapidly than he had calculated. He did not return

until the dinner-hour. So the chief pleasure anticipated from a visit to New York was postponed until the afternoon.

I will not weary the reader by further detailing the efforts of Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry to see New York and its lions. Enough, that neither Leutze's picture, the Art-Union Gallery, nor indeed, scarcely any thing except the external objects to be encountered on a journey through Broadway and a visit to the Battery, had been seen by our friend, who determined to leave for Niagara on the next morning. There would be time enough to see New York on his return—so he consoled himself.

The beautiful steamer *New World*—a floating palace, as she was not inappropriately called—left for Albany at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. In this boat Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry resolved to take passage. So, he paid his bill and packed his trunk on Monday night, and also gave notice at the office that he wished an early breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.

LOSES HIS PASSAGE IN THE ALBANY BOAT.—THE
CONSEQUENCES.—CONCLUSION.

RAP-rap-rap.

“Who’s there?” cries Mr. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry, starting up from a profound sleep. It was daylight.

“Going in the seven o’clock boat?” asked a servant.

“All right,” responds Mr. Don’t-be-in-a-hurry, who draws his watch from under his pillow.

“Only half-past five,” he muttered to himself. “He means that I shall be early enough. Plenty of time this half-hour. Boat doesn’t leave until seven o’clock.”

And so he sinks back upon his pillow, meaning to lie just a half an hour to a minute, and no more. Of course he fell into a sound sleep, from which the loud slamming of a door in the vicinity awakens him. He looks at his watch.

“Bless me!”

No wonder he makes the exclamation. It is ten minutes past seven o'clock! His half-hour's repose has been lengthened to an hour and a half. Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry felt bad. So far, there had been loss of time and loss of pleasure at every point, and he alone was to blame. Here was a new disappointment, and again it was his own fault. He was exceedingly vexed with himself.

All disposition for further indulgence was gone. So he arose and dressed himself. It was half-past seven o'clock when he came down, and to one of the attendants at the office mentioned his disappointment.

“You can still leave at eight o'clock,” was the answer.

“Doesn't the boat go at seven?” was the eager inquiry.

“O yes, the boat leaves at seven. But a train of cars on the Hudson River Railroad leaves at eight. Passengers by this line arrive at Poughkeepsie before the boat,

which stops for and conveys them to Albany."

"Are you certain?" was Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry's quick interrogation.

"O yes," answered the attendant. "Several gentlemen are about leaving to go in that train. They are bringing down their baggage now. Shall I order yours?"

"By all means."

The baggage was brought down and placed upon the coach, into which Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry crept and was soon dashing away for the Hudson River Railroad depot—without his breakfast, of course.

In due time the cars started, and were soon sweeping ahead at the fearful speed of from forty to fifty miles an hour, which made our friend feel rather nervous. A very long time did not pass before, in a reach of the river seen in advance from the window of the car at which he sat, his eyes rested on the splendid boat that left the city at seven o'clock. Rapidly they gained upon her, and, not long after passing Sing-

Sing, the cars and boat were moving side by side. But soon the boat was left behind, and the rattling train went dashing onward with undiminished speed.

A shock—a fearful crash—wild screams of terror—momentary blindness and confusion. Then Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry found himself wedged in between a broken seat and a portion of the shattered roof of the car in which he had been riding, and was soon conscious of a severe pain in his arm.

There had been a fearful accident. A switch-tender had neglected his duty, and the whole train of cars had, in consequence, run off the track, or been broken by the terrific concussion that followed the sudden check of speed. Providentially, but one or two lives were lost; though a number of the passengers were badly injured.

Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry escaped with a broken arm.

The boat that left New York at seven o'clock, landed her passengers safely in Albany. Another train of cars took the rail-

road passengers back to New York, among them Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry, who returned, by the evening line to Philadelphia, suffering most dreadful pain from his broken arm. He arrived in advance of his friend Mr. Haven't-time, whose sprained ankle kept him several days in New York.

And so my two neighbours, both very clever and intelligent men in their way, lost all the pleasure and profit they had hoped to receive from a summer's trip of a few weeks; and this, because one of them permitted himself always to feel in a hurry, while the other gave so little regard to the passage of time that he was generally too late. And yet, strange as it may seem to the reader, neither of them was willing to admit that he alone was to blame for the disappointment and injury he had sustained.

"It's just my luck," said Mr. Haven't-time.

And—

"I'm a sort of a Jonah, I believe," said Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry.

Notwithstanding this, however, the truth would force itself upon them, and they could not help seeing, at times, that they alone were to blame. I hope they have tried to mend their ways.

Are there any Haven't-times and Don't-be-in-a-hurries, among my readers? I shall not be far wrong, if I say yes—some quite as forgetful and others quite as over thoughtful about the passage of time as the personages introduced in my story. Well, I have held before you a mirror: do not, after looking at yourself, straightway depart and forget what manner of men (or boys) you are. If my story has not been very exciting, it has taught you, I trust, a useful lesson, and this, if it does you good, will prove far better than if I had merely pleased your fancy.

THE CARRIER.

“**H**ERE, father,” said a bright little fellow, upon whose head six smiling years had laid their fingers gently.

The child spoke to his father, who had just come in, reaching toward him, at the same time, a sheet of printed paper.

“What’s this?” exclaimed Mr. Garland, with some petulance in his tone. He did not need an answer to his question, for he knew what the paper contained, and this was the reason that his voice manifested a degree of irritation.

As he received it from his child, he read the words, “Carriers’ Address.”

“There’s been too much of this,” said

Mr. Garland, tossing the paper from him, "too much of this. It's a downright piece of imposition, to say the least of it. I pay for my Gazette whenever the bill is sent in, and I think, in all conscience, that should absolve me from further obligation to the establishment. But no! every New-year's day, there is thrust under my nose some hundred lines of doggerel poetry, for which I am expected to give a quarter."

And Mr. Garland, fretting under what he was pleased to call an imposition, actually began to pace the floor backward and forward, nervously.

"Why, what in the world is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Garland, seeing the unusual state of her husband's mind; "you certainly haven't been put out of temper by the reception of the Carriers' Address."

"I certainly have, then," replied Mr. Garland. "I dislike imposition, and this address business I've always looked upon as an imposition—a mere trick to swindle newspaper subscribers out of their money."

“Don’t talk so, Mr. Garland,” returned the wife, “I don’t like to hear it; your contribution to the carrier needn’t go beyond a quarter of a dollar—the amount you spend in cigars, two or three times over, every week. To you it will be only a trifle; but the aggregate of such trifles from two or three hundred will be of great importance to the poor carrier.”

“It isn’t the amount that I care about, Jane,” replied Mr. Garland, “you know that. But I never could bear to be swindled.”

Just at this moment a servant entered the room, and said—

“The carrier of the Gazette has called for his New-year’s gift.”

“Tell the carrier of the Gazette to go about his business,” fretfully replied Mr. Garland. “I’ve paid for my paper, and that is all that should be expected of me.”

The servant withdrew, and as she did so, Mrs. Garland exclaimed—

“Edward! Edward! how could you do so? This isn’t like you at all.”

“It’s very like me to set my face against all imposition,” said Mr. Garland, “very like me! I made up my mind, last year, that I would never again submit to this; and I don’t mean to. Besides, I’ve made it my business to talk about it to a good many; and they will talk about it to a good many more. If I’m not mistaken, the carrier’s levy on subscribers’ purses will not be found so easy a matter as before—at least in some cases.”

“Really, Edward,” said the wife of Mr. Garland, “I am at a loss to comprehend how you can take a little matter of this kind so much to heart.”

“I’m not, then,” returned the husband. “I stand on principle. This is an imposition, and I go against every thing of the kind.”

Mrs. Garland sighed, and made no further remark. The incident grieved her. She felt hurt from more than one cause.

It hurt her to think that her husband should have sent so rough and cutting an answer to the poor carrier; and she was hurt to think of the disappointment and pain occasioned by the unkind rebuff.

The dinner-bell rang soon after, and Mr. and Mrs. Garland went with their family to the dining-room. But neither of them had much appetite. The former, far from being satisfied with himself, felt particularly uncomfortable; and already more than half repented of what he had done. To him a quarter of a dollar was a matter of but small consideration. He could have handed it to the carrier, who had, during the sultry heat of summer and the sharp storms of winter, brought him the paper he so much enjoyed, with unfailing regularity, and not have suffered the abridgment of a single comfort, or the tithe of a comfort; and yet he withheld the small sum that would have blessed both the giver and the receiver, because, forsooth, either

his pride or his selfishness had been assaulted with the idea of an imposition.

No, Mr. Garland did not enjoy his dinner. There was a pressure on his feelings, and a sense of internal disquietude that took away his appetite. He returned to his store in a soberer mood than when he left it.

Now that Mr. Garland had taken his stand against the carriers and their New-year's Addresses, although the act had brought him far more pain than pleasure, he was not the man to recede. In seeking self-justification for what he had done, his mind naturally yielded to anger against the aforesaid carriers. Feeling ever seeks expression. And so it was the most natural thing in the world—from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh—for Mr Garland to say to the first person he met—

“Well, how many New-year's Addresses have you paid for to-day?”

“Two,” was replied with a pleasant smile.

“Humph! and so you submit to the imposition?”

“What imposition?” inquired the friend.

“This imposition of Carriers’ Addresses.”

“It never struck me as such. I’ve always paid my half-dollar to the carrier, when he came with his good wishes and his poetry on the happy new year, with a real pleasure, and felt that I had received more than the worth of the money.

“Poetry—pah!—such stuff. Had you ever the patience to read it?”

“As for the poetry, that is of small account, and might readily give way for something better—a good story, or well-written tract on the times—which would insure the carrier a heartier welcome. So many people look for the *quid pro quo*, that a large number, who now hand out their pittance grudgingly, would welcome with a better grace the industrious distributor of papers on New-year’s day, from feeling that they got something near their money’s worth.”

“There’s reason in that,” replied Garland. “But as the matter now stands, it’s something so much like a clear swindle, that I can’t tolerate it.”

“O no, it is not a swindle,—don’t talk so, pray. It is the continuance of a fine old custom, that sprang into existence from a spirit of good-will and hospitality, engendered by this festive season. Gifts and tokens have always marked its return; and from those who had required service of others, something passed by way of remembrance and acknowledgment. In the case of the carrier, but little is expected, and little given; but with all that is given, there goes a blessing, the aggregate of which is great. His pay is small at best, and it is but natural to suppose that his light income does not exceed his plainest wants. Of much that we enjoy, he is deprived by poverty; and midwinter, doubtless, often finds him in debt, or his family suffering from the deprivation of many comforts he has been unable to provide for them. Such

being the case, imagine with what pleasure he must look forward to New-year's day, when the kind patrons he has so faithfully served will remember him. If there be three or four hundred of these, how great a relief will the trifle each gives him afford to his needy family. I never forget this, Mr. Garland, and, therefore, bestow my little offering upon the carrier, with the sincerest pleasure. Such a thought as its being a swindle never penetrates my mind; and I am sorry that it should ever have found its way into yours. Pray, dismiss it from your thoughts at once and for ever."

Mr. Garland felt a little ashamed after this. He ventured a feeble defence of himself, and then changed the subject.

Let us now introduce another character who is to play a part in our story; and in doing so, we will go back for a few months. In one of the suburbs of Cincinnati, where the small houses stood at some distance from each other, was one poor tenement, rented and occupied by a man named John Adams,

his wife and four young children. Adams, who for some years followed the trade of piano-forte maker, had been so unfortunate as to injure one of his hands very badly. In healing, a tendon contracted, and he could no longer work at his regular calling. From that time the poor man, who had before made a comfortable living for family, found himself in great extremity, and was compelled to resort to various expedients in order to pick up a few dollars with which to pay his rent and to buy necessary food and clothing for his wife and children. At length, he succeeded in getting the place of carrier, for a small route on a morning paper. The pay was three dollars a week. This was something certain—enough to keep the gaunt wolf, hunger, from his door—while the greater portion of his time remained on his hands, to be occupied with any thing that offered.

It was near midsummer when Adams got the round on the morning paper to serve. Over six months had passed from

the time he received the injury; and in all that period, his income had not averaged even three dollars weekly. Previously to his being injured, it had been ten dollars. Sadly apparent was the change that came over his unhappy family. From their comfortable home they were compelled to move, and to shrink away into a poor frame tenement, where we find them, that was neither decent nor comfortable. Worse than all, a debt was contracted for arrearage of rent, and for things absolutely necessary; and this weighed heavily upon the mind of John Adams, for he was an honest man, and the thought of debt pained him.

After the carrier's situation had been obtained, things were a little better with Adams. He had five dollars a week, certain, and was able to pick up, for little jobs of one kind and another, sometimes three, sometimes four, and occasionally as much as five dollars a week besides. But, by this time, clothes were needed to cover the nakedness of the children, and other neces-

sary articles required, so that weeks and months went by without any diminution of the debt, which was about fifty dollars, and owed to his landlord, who kept a small grocery. The store-keeper had frequently asked for his money, and being put off from time to time, grew impatient, and began to threaten.

Summer passed—autumn came, and with it the dreadful scourge—the cholera, which swept off the citizens in scores. While business was abandoned, and business houses only opened for appearance, the newspapers had to be regularly issued. The patrons looked more eagerly than ever for their daily paper and its news, and the carrier, well or ill, in good or bad weather, had to be on his round by morning-light. Daily on his route he found some patron had been carried off, and while his heart sickened and his fears for himself in his lonely rounds came, still his duty called him to his daily toil. Autumn passed—the scourge departed, but bleak December came in with

its cold and cheerless visage. Still the debt to the landlord was unpaid, and he had called in the law to assist him in getting his own. Poor John Adams was completely in his power.

“Wait until after New-year’s day, and I will pay you,” said Adams, as he plead with the hard-hearted store-keeper to leave him yet free from an execution.

“Why, until after New-year’s day?” asked the creditor.

“I serve the Gazette, and there are over three hundred papers on my round. My New-year’s Addresses will bring me in more than enough to pay you.”

The store-keeper thought for a while, and then answered—

“Very well, I’ll wait. But if not paid then, don’t ask me to wait any longer. You must leave my house or pay my bill.”

Now this was the first year that Adams had served the paper, and the thought of going round to the patrons of the Gazette and offering his address, made him feel un-

pleasantly whenever it crossed his mind. But it was a time-honoured custom, and the other carriers looked forward to it and spoke of it as a thing of course, and as a means of adding to their income an amount not only needed, but necessary for their comfort. And he, like the rest, came to look forward to it, and to make calculations thereon, as has been seen. From what he received for his addresses, he was not only to pay his debt, but procure sundry comforts for himself and family. Among the latter was a coarse, heavy overcoat for himself—an article greatly needed for protection from the cold as he served his papers early in the morning, ere the sun had arisen—some warm under-garments for his wife, and a bonnet and shawl suitable for her appearance at church on the Sabbath. Also, some decent clothes for the two elder children, in order that they might attend their Sunday-school, from which they had been absent since the commencement of cold weather.

The first day of the new year at length arrived. After serving his round, John Adams came home to his breakfast. It was very cold, and he shivered as he drew close up to the little stove.

"I nearly perished this morning," said he, and his teeth chattered as he spoke.

"You must have a warm overcoat," his wife remarked, with tender concern in her voice. "You'll catch your death-a'-cold before this winter's over."

"Thank fortune! I'll get one before night. That is, if I have good luck to-day."

The last sentence was spoken less cheerfully than the first; and marked the existence of a doubt in his mind.

"You'll take round your addresses to-day?" said his wife.

"Yes, and if I have good luck, will be better off to-night than I am now by some seventy or eighty dollars."

"Do you really think you will get so much?" There was a tone of joyfulness in

the wife's voice. "Eighty dollars is a great deal of money."

"I know it is. But one of the carriers told me that he got a hundred and eight dollars last New-year, and his route is no larger than mine."

"So much?"

"Yes, indeed!"

Adams spoke with more animation than at first. He was beginning to perceive the warmth of the stove, and the comfortable sensation communicated itself to his feelings.

Breakfast being on the table, the carrier, so soon as he had warmed himself, sat down and hurriedly despatched his morning's meal. His mind was too intent on the business of the day to feel a very strong appetite.

"You're not going out now, are you?" said Mrs. Adams, as her husband started up from the table and took his hat. "You haven't half finished your breakfast."

"I've eaten all I want," returned Adams,

hurriedly. "There's a big day's work before me, and I must begin early."

So saying, he started forth on his way to the printing-office to get his portion of the addresses.

"Ah! good morning, Adams," said a man, just as he closed the door behind him.

"Good morning," was returned, but coldly.

"This is New-year's day," remarked the man, and, as he did so, he fixed his eyes steadily upon the face of Adams.

"I didn't need you to remind me of it," replied Adams, sharply, and with an angry expression in his face.

"You've not forgotten your promise, I hope?"

"What promise?"

"To pay the fifty dollars you owe me, to-day."

"Didn't I tell you I'd do it?" Adams spoke indignantly.

"O yes."

"Very well. There was no necessity for

you to remind me of my promise. None in the world."

"Creditors are always somewhat in doubt as to their debtors' memories," retorted the man, with a good deal of insolence in his tone.

An indignant and cutting reply was on the tongue of Adams; but he checked himself, and bowing coldly to the grocer, as he turned away, said—

"You'll hear from me to-day or to-morrow."

"I warn you, for your own sake, to keep your word; for if you don't, you'll learn"—

Adams did not hear the conclusion of the sentence, for he was striding away rapidly.

Going direct to the printing-office, he procured his addresses, and immediately commenced their delivery. He did not feel very comfortable in this—to him—new employment. Though poor, his mind was independent in its turn; and this seemed so much like begging.

"Mr A——'s not at home. You can

see him at dinner-time," was the answer he received on presenting his address.

A slight troubled feeling passed over the mind of Adams as he turned away.

"What's this?" asked the next person to whom he handed his New Year's verses.

"Our address," replied the carrier.

The man glanced his eyes hurriedly and half contemptuously over it, and then handing it back, remarked—

"Oh, I don't want your stuff. I never read such things."

Adams retired hastily, and in confusion.

It required a great deal of resolution for him to present his next address. Fortunately, it met with a kinder reception. The patron handed him half a dollar, and, at the same time, spoke a pleasant word.

And so from house to house, and store to store, the carrier passed, now receiving a small pittance, and now meeting with a rude and unkind rebuff, but more frequently with a request to call again, as Mr. B. or

C. was not at home, or else happened to have no change in his pockets.

The whole of the Carrier's Addresses were at length delivered, and Adams's pockets were heavier only by the sum of six dollars and a quarter. True, he had been able to see but a very small number of his patrons, and of those he had seen, the requests to call again were numerous. His next business was to go around and reap the field he had sown.

Poor John Adams! This was all a new business for him, and exceedingly humiliating. Had it not been for the imperious necessity of his case, not another one of the patrons of the Gazette would have seen his honest face. But, as he shivered in the sweeping blast, the piercing cold reminded him of his own and his family's needs; and once, when, disheartened and disgusted with the petty insolence of some to whom he applied, he was on his way homeward, the sight of his hard creditor passing on the opposite side of the street, produced a

change of purpose, and he again turned to the performance of his unpleasant task.

It was past two o'clock, and he had not yet been home to dinner. He was cold, and faint, and weary. Only eleven dollars of the anticipated seventy or eighty were in his possession, and he was beginning to droop in spirits, and to feel utterly disheartened.

This was the state of John Adams the carrier, when he called at the handsome house of Mr. Garland. He knew the merchant by sight very well, and, from some cause, had a strong prepossession in his favour. From him he confidently expected something more than a cold refusal.

“How easy it would be for him to hand me a dollar,” said he to himself, as he stood waiting the return of the servant who had gone to notify Mr. Garland that the carrier had called for his New Year’s gift. “He would never feel it, and it would do me so much good. Ah, me! If I don’t do a great

deal better than I have done, I don't know what is to become of me."

Such were the thoughts passing through his mind, when the servant returned and said, in a very insulting tone of voice—

"Mr. Garland says you may just go about your business, with your old Carriers' Address! He's paid for his paper once!"

Unhappy John Adams! This was the overflowing drop in his cup of bitterness. Slowly he turned away from the door without speaking, descended the marble steps of the merchant's splendid house, and, with shrinking form and bowed head, took his way homeward, his heart weighed down with a feeling of wretchedness.

"Why, John! What is the matter?" asked his wife, in an anxious voice, as her husband entered their humble abode.

The poor, disappointed carrier did not answer, but took a chair, and drawing it close up to the stove, sat down, and resting his elbows on his knees, bent over and hid his face in his hands.

“John! what ails you? Are you sick? Speak! Tell me what is the matter?” anxiously urged the distressed wife.

“Oh, nothing, nothing,” replied Adams, in a low, sad voice; still remaining in his bowed position, and only partly removing his hands from his face.

“But there is, John. There’s something the matter. How have you made out with your addresses?”

“Bad enough!” replied Adams.

This was throwing a ray of light on the subject of his unusual appearance and conduct.

“I was afraid you built too largely,” said his wife. “What have you received?”

“Insult, and eleven dollars!”

“Why, John!”

There was a tone of painful disappointment in the voice of Mrs. Adams.

A long, sad, heart-depressing silence followed.

“What are we to do?” at length came from the lips of the wife.

“Heaven only knows,” was the carrier’s half-mournful reply. “There is no help in man.”

Had Adams gone to the next patron of the Gazette, a kind-hearted, thoughtful individual, he would have received a dollar. And there were a dozen others like him in the next few blocks. But all this was lost to the poor man, in consequence of the rude rebuff from the unreflecting and rather suspicious-minded merchant.

A week passed, and, one morning, Mr. Garland failed to receive his paper. On calling for it at the office, he asked why it had not been delivered?

“The carrier is sick,” he received for answer, “and the man we sent did not serve his round correctly.”

“Sick, is he?” said Mr. Garland, half-thoughtfully. There came an instant remembrance of the rude rebuff he had given him.

“Yes,” answered the office-clerk, with whom he was speaking. “He is a very

poor man, and it seems that he had insufficient clothing for the sharp weather of the last ten days."

"Ah! That's bad," was almost involuntarily said by Mr. Garland.

"Yes, it is bad," returned the clerk. "Adams is an honest, faithful, and deserving man. Unfortunately for him, he had poor luck with his New Year's Addresses. Instead of getting a hundred dollars, as he expected, he did not get over ten. Some of our subscribers treated him roughly, and he being sensitive, gave up calling on them. It is death to a certain class of people to part with a shilling. Poor Adams," ran on the clerk—"it has proved particularly hard in his case. He had lost a good place from sickness, and was out at the elbows, and in debt, when he commenced carrying our paper. To New Year's Day he looked forward anxiously; and, if he had done as well with his addresses as the other carriers—receiving a half, quarter, or even a smaller part of a dollar from the patrons he had

served during the season, he would have had enough to pay his debt and get some comfortable clothes for himself and family. As it is, we had to protect him from the heartless man to whom he owed some fifty dollars. But this has not availed to ward off the consequences of his ill-luck on New Year's Day. His spirits sank—he could see no hope of relief—his health failed, and he is now very sick. A violent cold, taken while serving his papers—(being too thinly clad for such severe exposure, and under mental depression)—was too much for his strength—he gave way, and had to go to bed.”

“Where does he live?” asked Mr. Garland, as he turned away from the desk.

The clerk mentioned the carrier's residence, and Mr. Garland said “Good morning,” and retired.

“Oh, what are we to do?” groaned the troubled sick man, as he tossed from side to side of his hard bed. “What are we to

do? If this sickness continues, we shall starve, and be houseless."

"Don't fret so, John," said the wife, in a low, sad voice, into which she tried to throw a cheerful expression. "Try and keep quiet. This worrying only makes you worse."

"But what are we to do?" exclaimed John Adams, partly rising up in bed. "I see no hope for us. I won't be able to carry my round in a week, and then it may be as much as my life is worth to venture out in the cold, so thinly clad as I am."

"God will take care of us," murmured the poor wife, whose heart was as troubled and desponding as that of her husband. And she turned her head away as she spoke, to conceal the tears that were starting from her eyes.

Just then there was a knock. Mrs. Adams wiped her eyes with her apron, and then opened the door.

"Is this where John Adams, the carrier of the Gazette, lives?" asked the man who

stood without, holding a bundle in one hand, and a letter in the other.

“It is,” replied the wife, in a faltering voice.

“Give him this letter and bundle.”

And he handed them to Mrs. Adams, bowed, and retired without further communication.

The letter was superscribed with the name of the carrier, who opened it eagerly. Within was written—

“For John Adams, Carrier of the Gazette.” The contents were ten five-dollar bills and one of the Carrier’s Addresses. But the letter had no signature.

The bundle contained a new overcoat of stout cloth, and a pair of heavy knit woollen under-shirts,—each was ticketed—

“For John Adams, Carrier of the Gazette.”

For a little while the sick man gazed with a bewildered mind upon the money and clothing. Then sobbing out aloud,

covered his face, and, sinking back, buried it in a pillow.

“God will take care of us,” murmured the wife again, glancing upward her tearful eyes. With what different emotions did she give utterance now, to this sentiment of confidence in Heaven!

And thus we will leave the carrier and his family.

We need not tell the reader that this timely relief came from Mr. Garland, who thus sought to repair the wrong his lack of good feeling had occasioned.

TRAVELLING ALONE.

“**I**SN'T it too much!” ejaculated Mrs. Austin, tossing a note from her which she had just opened and read, while her face expressed strongly both disappointment and vexation. “Here I’ve waited more than a week for company to New York, and now Mr. Barker, who was to have taken me under his care, has gone off without me. It is really too bad, and I am dying to get home.”

“Has Mr. Barker really gone without you?” asked Mrs. Martier, a friend with whom Mrs. Austin had been spending a short time in Philadelphia. “How in the world has that happened?”

“Here’s a note from him, in which he says that just as the line was about starting this morning, he received intelligence from home which made it necessary that he should leave instantly. He expresses regret, and all that—but he might have stayed another day as easily as not, I am sure. What matter could a day have made in any case?”

“It might have been of great consequence to him, Mrs. Austin. But he is gone, now, and it can’t be helped. It is said to be a bad wind that blows nobody good. I shall have your company for a few days longer. So, I need not complain.”

“Yes, but Mrs. Martier, I am, as I said, dying to get home. You know how badly I want to see my husband and children.”

“Another opportunity will, no doubt, offer in a few days, or you can go alone, if the worst comes to the worst.”

“Go alone!” exclaimed Mrs. Austin, in profound surprise.

“Certainly. And why not?” returned the friend.

“Go alone! I’m astonished to hear you say so.”

“Ladies often go alone between this city and New York.”

“Not *ladies*, certainly. No lady would think of taking such a journey without an escort.”

“Yes, ladies!” returned Mrs. Martier.

“Who, pray, would do so imprudent a thing?”

“I have done so more than once.”

“You! I’m astonished?” The expression of Mrs. Austin’s countenance showed that she spoke truly.

“Certainly.”

“And were you not annoyed and insulted by vulgar and impudent people?”

“Never. Alone, upon the deck or in the cabin of a steamboat, I have been as politely treated by strangers as in a friend’s drawing-room; and far more so than in

many public assemblies, surrounded by the elite and the fashionable."

"Incredible!"

"Yet true, nevertheless. Why, even carping travellers from abroad have recorded the fact, so honourable to the people of this country, that a lady may travel in the United States from Maine to Louisiana, unattended by a male friend, and never once be insulted in a stage, on a steamboat, or in a railroad car."

At this stage of the conversation, Mr. Martier, the husband of the last speaker, came in.

"What do you think, dear?" said his wife. "Mrs. Austin is afraid to travel between here and New York alone."

"Afraid! And why so, Mrs. Austin?"

"I should be liable to insult."

"Oh no! I've travelled a good deal in my time, and have yet to see the first instance of a lady being insulted. A woman is as secure from insult in a railroad car

or steamboat, as in her own parlour. The attention paid to ladies who are travelling alone is proverbial. On board of steamboats, they are particularly attended to by the captain. In railroad cars, the conductor looks to their comfort, and sees that no one annoys them; and a 'lone' lady in a stage-coach is under the especial care of each male passenger, and all vie in showing her courteous attentions. But let me relate a single incident which came under my own eye.

"A few years ago, I had business in Ohio. In returning, I came home by the way of Pittsburg. On leaving that city, early one morning, I found that my fellow-passengers were two in number. From their conversation, I discovered that I had, as companions for my journey, two of the most vulgar, obscene, blasphemous men it had ever been my lot to meet. Their language was coarse and filthy, and nearly every other word was an oath, an imprecation, or some startling appeal to the Great

Ruler above, that really made my flesh creep. Occasionally a word was addressed to me. I never replied beyond a mere monosyllable, for I was too much disgusted with their language to be even civil to them. From the time we started until we got to Greensburg, which was several hours, they talked incessantly; and I am sure, that during that time, there were not uttered five consecutive words that could have been spoken in a lady's presence without grossly offending her. By this time I had learned, from their conversation, that one was a merchant and the other a planter. This fact surprised me. 'Is it possible,' I said to myself, 'that men moving in the society of merchants and planters can be really so lost to all decency and virtue as these men appear to be?'

"At Greensburg, much to my regret, a lady way-passenger took her seat in the stage. 'Here comes trouble now,' I thought to myself. 'Of course, it will not be ten

minutes before this lady is grossly insulted by their offensive language, and I cannot sit by in silence.'

"Thus thought I, as one of my fellow-passengers took his seat beside the lady in quite a familiar style, though with a degree of respect and a gentlemanly deportment that I could not help noticing with surprise. The driver spoke to his horses, and away we rolled again, I expecting every moment to be called upon to interfere for the protection of the lady. But no such unpleasant necessity occurred. From the moment the lady entered the stage, my companions seemed like different men. They uttered no word nor made any allusion that might not have been spoken in a drawing-room. To her, their attentions were kind and respectful, actually putting my frigid politeness to the blush. At every stopping-place, one or the other would volunteer to hand a glass of water, or procure her some choice fruit; and this not to show off, as any one could have seen, but from,

as it appeared, a habit of treating ladies, at all times, with attention and respectful consideration. For four hours our lady passenger remained with us, and during that time not once did the two men forget themselves. When the stage stopped at the village to which she was going, one of them took her bandbox in his hand, and waited upon her to her residence, which stood at a little distance from the stage-office. Upon all this I looked with silent surprise. I could hardly believe it possible that men could act perfectly in two characters so opposite. I was no less surprised, when we again took our seats in the coach, to hear the man who had just waited upon the lady home, compose himself for his ride with a foul expression falling from his tongue, in the most natural way possible. From that moment both resumed their old characters, which were continued for several hours, when a little girl, about eleven years old, was placed in the coach to go ten miles. Her presence changed them instantly. Not

an indelicate word was uttered, nor an oath sworn while she remained with us. On the contrary, the subjects of conversation were changed, and much of it directed to the child, from whom one of them drew, ingeniously, a history of herself and an account of her school-companions. When she left us, the old character was resumed. And these alternations continued throughout the journey.

“This, Mrs. Austin, is a strong, but true instance of the respect and attention paid to females when travelling alone in this country. If even in a stage-coach their feelings and character are so much respected, how less liable are they to insult in the cabin of a steamboat, or in the commodious railroad car?”

But Mrs. Austin could not be convinced. Day after day, however, passed, and she could get no escort. And, finally, she became so impatient to get home, that she actually ventured upon the perils of a journey, unattended, between the cities of

Philadelphia and New York. Mr. Martier took the passage for her, attended her over to Camden, saw to her baggage, and procured her a pleasant seat in the cars. When he bade her good-by, her hand trembled and she looked pale and uneasy. He could hardly help smiling in her face at her weakness and timidity.

"All aboard," was soon uttered, and away she went, feeling as much like a cat in a strange garret as well could be, considering the difference of relation between a lady and a cat, and a railroad and an attic. Before and behind her sat gentlemen, from whom she expected every moment to receive some insult. But after riding some twenty miles, she began to breathe more freely, as one of them, once or twice during that time, addressed a few polite words to her, and seemed quite disposed to regard her lone condition, and relieve its embarrassments as much as possible. After passing Bordentown, this individual resumed his attention, though with that reserved politeness which marked

him as a gentleman. Mrs. Austin was a woman of education and intelligence; the remarks in answer to his, soon enabled him to appreciate her, and so to choose his subjects of conversation as to draw her out and enable her to take a fair part in the conversation. This she soon did, and so much interested did she become, that she forgot all attending disagreeable things, and looked up with surprise when the cars stopped at Amboy.

In descending from the cars, the gentleman who had been conversing with her, assisted her, and then gave her his arm and politely attended her to the boat. The remainder of the journey was passed in a most agreeable manner. The stranger had two or three very gentlemanly and intelligent friends, who joined him on the boat, and these were informally introduced to Mrs. Austin, around whom they gathered, charmed with her conversation, and in their turn delighting her with theirs.

When the boat touched the wharf at

New York, the lady's husband stepped on board, and received his wife, with a polite bow and smile upon her gentlemanly volunteer attendant.

"And so you have really accomplished this most unheard-of task," said Mr. Austin smiling. "Most thankful am I to receive you safe and sound from the perils of your journey. Who ever heard before of a lady travelling alone between New York and Philadelphia? But you had an escort, I recollect. Who in the world introduced you to Governor ——?"

"Governor ——!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "Was that Governor ——?"

"Certainly it was! Who put you under his charge?"

"No one. He sat near me in the cars, and seeing that I was alone, volunteered the most polite attention. But I never could have believed that Governor —— would have paid attentions to a lady travelling alone."

"Governor —— is a man of too much

good sense to see any thing disreputable in a lady's sometimes taking a journey unattended by a male friend, and of too much observation and knowledge of people to mistake the character of any one he may happen to meet even in a railroad car. But, welcome home again! Another time I shall not consent to your going to any place on a visit from which you are afraid to return, even unattended by Governor ——!"

THE END.

